

Involvement in Greek life develops longlasting friendships

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Focus Editor

During the second week of my freshman year, I was talking with a sophomore who was going to give me a ride to a meeting. She didn't have a car, but told me she could borrow one from one of her sisters.

The innocent girl that I was, I asked, "How many sisters do you have that go to school here?" I thought she was from a big Catholic family. Later, she became my big sister where I joined a big family of Greeks, not Catholics.

I never thought I would join a sorority. I decided to go through recruitment because I was a freshman and I thought it was the "cool" thing to do.

I lived in North, and my hallmates and I primped and preened in front of the bathroom mirrors before heading out the door for formal recruitment.

Hours later, exhausted from smiling and talking, we would reconvene in my room and talk about the night.

It was new and exciting but deep down I wondered what I was doing. I was still unsure about the

whole thing but figured it was worth a shot.

As recruitment continued, I found myself getting more and more excited about the idea of joining a sorority. When Bid Day came, I marched down to my sorority house with pride, excitement and apprehension.

Letters were thrown over my head and I wore them proudly. Throughout the new member orientation program, the words "respect," "trust" and "sisterhood" were drilled into my head so often that I began to mumble them in my sleep.

I made new friends and remained close with my old ones. I still keep in touch with my "North Girls," even though we have gone our separate ways.

Three years have passed and I am still active in my sorority. The novelty of T-shirts and mixers has worn off a bit, but a much more lasting impression has been made on my life.

Through joining a sorority, I have learned what trust, respect and sisterhood truly are.

I don't think I have become a different person because I joined a so-

rority. If anything, I have become more open, more accepting and more tolerant.

I have also learned the arts of diplomacy and compromise, and I know now that some things are not worth fighting for.

I'm not in a sorority for the formals or the parties. I am in a sorority because I have met some incredible people and made lasting friendships.

Each year I see the sorority grow when an entire new group of girls is added into the mix. I remember how overwhelmed and confused I felt on Bid Day and can see the same expression on our new members' faces.

My pledge class met after Bid Day and reminisced. As I looked at the smiling faces around the room, I could remember a bright shining memory of each of them.

Through all of our differences and misunderstandings a bond has formed that can not be broken.

We had to spend six weeks of our lives together when we were pledging, but we wanted to share the rest.

I know so much about each of those girls and it is an amazing feel-



Photo courtesy of Pi Kappa Phi

Matt Ricer hits a brother with a pie during Pi Kappa Phi and Alpha Omicron Pi's annual "Pie in the Face."

ing to have such a large group of close friends.

I could not buy friendships such as these with money; instead, they were built over time. I had mostly male friends in high school and having a large group of girl friends has been an eye-opening experience.

Sisterhood is not something that

can be explained in words. It is a sense of closeness and being comfortable.

Going Greek is a personal and sometimes difficult decision. I urge people to give it a chance. I did and I haven't regretted it for a minute. Now if someone asks me how many sisters I have, I smile and say, "About 106."

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